

# FORT WRANGEL NEWS.

VOL. 1.

FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1898.

No. 16

## OFFICIAL DIRECTORY OF ALASKA.

FOLLOWING IS THE OFFICIAL DIRECTORY FOR

### THE DISTRICT OF ALASKA.

Governor—John G. Brady; private secretary, Mrs. Gertrude Knapp.  
U. S. Judge—C. S. Johnson.  
U. S. Attorney—Burton E. Bennett.  
Assistant District Attorney—Alfred J. Daly.

District Clerk—Albert D. Elliott.  
Deputy Clerk—Walter D. McNair.  
U. S. Marshal—J. M. Shoup.  
Surveyor General—W. L. Distin.  
Register—John W. Dudley.  
Receiver—Roswell Shelly.  
Court Interpreter—George Kostrometoff.

Commissioners—C. W. Tuttle, Sitka; John Y. Ostrander, Juneau; K. M. Jackson, Fort Wrangel; L. R. Woodward, Unalakleet; Phillip Gallagher, Kodiak; John U. Smith, Dyea; W. J. Jones, Circle City; Chas. H. Isham, Unga.

Deputy Marshals—W. A. McNair, Sitka; Edward S. Staley, Juneau; W. D. Grant, Fort Wrangel; J. McDonald, Douglas; Edward C. Hasey, Kodiak; Lewis L. Bowers, Unga; J. C. Blaine, Unalakleet; H. J. McInnis, Skagway; John Cudihoe, Circle City; —, Snook, Dyea.

Deputy Internal Revenue Collector—W. C. Pedlar.

Educational Agent—Sheldon Jackson.  
Assistant Agent—William Hamilton.  
Supt. of Schools—W. A. Kelly.

### CUSTOMS OFFICERS.

Collector—J. W. Ivey.  
Special Deputy—W. P. McBride.  
Deputy and Inspector—Wm. Millmore and C. L. Andrews.

Deputy Collectors—Joseph Arment, Fort Wrangel; E. M. VanSlyke, Mary Island; W. G. Thomas, Kodiak; G. W. Caton, Cook's Inlet; T. E. Holmes, Kadiak; J. F. Sinnott, Unga; J. P. Word, Unalakleet; E. T. Hatch, St. Michaels; Chas. Smith, Circle City; John C. Tenney, Juneau.

Inspectors at Juneau—Loring K. Adams, Harry Minto and John R. Auldin.  
Inspectors at Fort Wrangel, Edward Hofstad, S. L. Adams, Geo. J. Smith, E. L. Hunter, Wm. Denny.

Inspectors Aloft—J. S. Slater, S. F. Hodges, L. H. Lovejoy, Edgar Grim.

## M. J. Cochran,

Attorney and Counselor at Law

JACKSON BLOCK.

FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA.

Will practice in all the courts of the state.

## DR. V. McALPIN

DENTIST.

(30 years experience.)

Seward Building, rear of Wakefield & Young  
FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA.

ON HAND DAY AND NIGHT.

## A. G. McBride,

Attorney and Counselor at Law

Office with U. S. Deputy Marshal,

FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA.

## WEBSTER BROWN

CIVIL & MINING ENGINEER

U. S. Deputy and U. S. Deputy Mineral

SURVEYORS

OFFICE:  
Op. Stikeen Hotel Fort Wrangel.

## City Cigar and Tobacco Store

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No. 208 Front Street.

### NOTICE.

Citizens can have best barber work done at Barber Shop near Postoffice in Court House lot.

Read the News.

## MR. W. B. MCGILLIGAN.

An Old Citizen of Fort Wrangel  
Passes Away.

### A FUNERAL IN ALASKA.

Last Thursday W. B. McGilligan, an aged and respected citizen of Fort Wrangel, paid the debt which all owe and must pay sooner or later. He had a stroke of paralysis in November, 1896, from which he never fully recovered. The funeral services were held last Saturday at 1 o'clock p. m. at the Opera House, and were conducted by Rev. Thwing, the Presbyterian missionary located here. A death, except among the natives, is a rare occurrence in our city, and such things as undertakers, hearses and funeral directors, are unknown quantities, yet the friends of the dead man—he had no relatives here—made every effort to perform the last sad rites in a becoming manner. A coffin was made of boards and covered with black sateen, or something of the kind, and some neat casket handles were procured. When the time came for the funeral a Klondike sled furnished the means of transportation for the corpse, from the home of the deceased to the Opera House, where it was taken in charge by six members of Co. H., 14th Infantry, who acted as pall bearers and carried into the hall and placed on a pedestal which had been provided. A select choir, consisting of Mrs. Dr. C. Thwing, Mrs. W. G. Thomas, Captain Willson and Mr. Roundtree, furnished the music and opened the exercises by singing, "Oh, Think of the Home Over There." Rev. Thwing then read from the Scriptures the truthful words, "Man born of woman is of few days," etc., after which he led in prayer. The choir then sang "One Sweetly Solemn Thought," following which Rev. Thwing again read from the Bible a part of the closing chapters of Ecclesiastes, and from the Presbyterian burial service, and delivered a short address, during which he remarked on the brevity of our abode on this earth and the preparation we should make for death and the judgment; of the certainty of punishment for wickedness and sin, and the rewards for good. Again the choir sang "Shall We Meet Beyond the River," and then Rev. Thwing prayed that blessings might fall upon him who had fought so valiantly for his country's flag. A song—"Rest! Soldier, Rest!"—followed, and then the benediction. Capt. Willson announced that the burial would take place at the cemetery across an arm of the bay, and that a number of boats had been provided. The soldiers took their places at the side of the coffin, and slowly and solemnly the little company wended its way down to the McKinnon wharf, where the boats were in waiting. There was something solemnly sad about the whole proceeding, as the thought came to each one, that while friends may sorrow, there was no wife, no brother, no sister to bid him farewell, but he goes thus a sacrifice to pioneer life and work.

Mr. McGilligan was born in the State of Delaware, and at the beginning of the war enlisted in the service of Uncle Sam, being then but 18 years of age. He lived for a time in San Francisco, Cal., and came to Fort Wrangel in 1886, where he has since continuously resided. The Czar of all the Russians, who has been looked upon as the very impersonation of the warlike spirit, and, to use a homely phrase, "spoiling for a fight," has surprised the world by coming forward with a proposition for the disarmament of the powers in the interest of universal peace. Assuming that the Czar's proposition is made in good faith—which of course it must be, coming from the ruler of so great a nation—and that the powers decide to consider it, the chances are that they are more likely than otherwise to come to blows over the terms of the agreement.—Gaylord (Kan.) Herald.

The kickers and howlers seem to labor under the belief that because a soldier is killed in battle or sick in camp and unprovided with all the comforts of home, somebody has committed a grievous wrong. We venture to say that there has never been a war in the history of the world in which soldiers have had such an easy time and been so well clothed, fed and cared for as have ours in the war just ended, and yet there has never been such a roar sent up by the kickers and howlers.—Gaylord (Kan.) Herald.

With a peculiarly childlike faith the census officials believe that they know the exact ages of all the "unattached females" and accordingly they are grouped in five-year periods. In that particular the statistics are manifestly untrustworthy, but apart from that the figures are absolute. And they are very astonishing. They show definitely that the "surplus woman" is a myth. There is no surplus of women. There is a shortage of 2,200,000. There are in the United States 5,427,767 bachelors over twenty years of age, and only 3,225,494 unmarried women above that age. But this is the least astonishing part of the matter. The chart shows that in absolutely every state there is an excess of bachelors over maidens. Even in Massachusetts, where tradition fixes the home of the "surplus woman," there are 226,084 bachelors and only 219,255 spinsters. In Rhode Island there are 2 per cent. more bachelors than unmarried women, in New Hampshire 9 per cent., in Connecticut 20 per cent., in New Jersey and Virginia 22 per cent., while in Idaho the excess of bachelors over maids is 1,000 per cent., there being 16,584 unmarried men and only 1,426 single women. Wyoming and Arizona closely follow, while all the far western states have reason to regard woman as one of the "precious metals" because of her scarcity. But the one fact of greatest interest is that there is in the country not one single state which has not men enough to furnish a husband apiece for all its women.—World.

### The End of China.

The end of China seems to be at hand. The policy of Great Britain toward her has entered upon a new and probably final stage. It is one that may seem harsh. It also seems inevitable, and it assuredly is justifiable by the remorseless logic of imperial conquest. We may welcome it, also, on the ground that it means peace. All talk of conflict between Great Britain and Russia is dismissed. The Lion and the Bear will lie down side by side, and the Flowery Kingdom will provide their couch. Neither of them wants to fight; wherefore they say, each to the other: "Instead of fighting each other, let us both spoliate this helpless China." And to that task they set themselves with all avidity.

Why not? It must come sooner or later, and it is better that it should come now, without a blow, than hereafter, with an earth-shaking war. That is not cynicism; it is common sense philosophy. Doubtless it would be very nice to preserve Chinese independence and to conduct that empire in its political integrity to highest civilization. But doubtless no such thing can be done; not, at any rate, under the present constitution of mankind. The dying nations must give way to the living, and the only question is how the change can be effected with least trouble and disturbance.

Now this is what has happened, and is happening, and is going to happen. China made certain business contracts with Great Britain. Russia tried to persuade or bully her to break them. Great Britain urged her not to yield to bullying promising to protect her against any harm that might be threatened because of her keeping faith. But China finally decided to yield to Russia.

At first Great Britain thought of resentment against Russia. But why? Russia had done only what Great Britain herself might have done; she had simply exerted influence upon China and China had yielded, just as she had formerly yielded, more than once or twice, to Great Britain. So now Great Britain thinks better of it. She will not quarrel with Russia, but she will make China pay the penalty for breaking the contract. She will not resist Russia's aggressions in China, but herself become aggressive, not against Russia, but against China. She will not try to prevent Russia from seizing the northern provinces of the empire, but will balance the account by herself seizing the central provinces. And then if France takes some of the southern provinces, and Japan and Germany gather in a few fragments here and there, everybody will be satisfied and "everything will be gracefully concluded."—Tribune.

### No "Superfluous Women."

The Government has published a map showing for each State in the Union the number of unmarried men and unmarried women over twenty years of age.

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Frank C. Teek, the sweet singer of the New Whatcom Blade, has been created poet laureate and rhymster extraordinary of the Washington State Press Association. The appointment meets with our distinguished approbation. Teek is a poet of modest mien, and that's probably the only mean thing that can be said about him. When he starts out to merrily gambol around in the realms of poetry he is as effective as the dence—in a two-spot hand. Some of his pieces are full of sing, soul and snort, and the depth and pathos of the thushness are only equalled by the rare graspness of the touchful moreso. One of the brightest gems from Frank's lipply, variegated imagination is an unpublished but beautiful thing entitled "The Low Kerplunk of the Warty Toad." He showed it to us one day back of the fire hall in old Sehome and we were so moved that we have kept on moving more or less ever since. As near as we can remember from here the first few lines of this soul-entrancing piece run:

"O, listen to the singful toad,  
As he gasps great gobs of song,  
And gleefully jumps 'cross the county road,  
And jumps back again ere long."

Again he flung another rich and fanciful pean to a gulping and expectant world. It was dedicated to the "Noon-sack River," and fragments of it ran as per thus:

"Sweet Noonsack river, wild and free!  
The juiciest stream I ever see!"

And these are only snatches written with a stub pencil, but welling up from an uncorked heart. The Washington Press Association have secured a peach for a poet. Aside from ourselves and Col. Day there is probably not another man this side of Steilacoom who can jerk out such deep, resonant, taleful, triple-tongue verse, cut to any size and built to fit any mood or circumstance. Fellows like us—so full of pure and noble poetic inspiration and lofty, yet tender, not to say frail, fancies—are pretty blame seldom.—Skagit County (Wash.) Times.

On Monday the Indian packers, who have been engaged at the summit packing goods over to Crater lake, struck for 2 cents. They had been packing for 1½ cents. The strike caused a serious interruption to the pack trains on the trail, that have been operating in connection with the Indian packers.—Dyea Press.

Postal facilities still go wrong between Dyea and Skagway. It requires about twenty-four hours to get the mail over that comes up on the steamers and the local mail service requires three to six days between the two places.—Dyea Press.

### War Enthusiasm Cooled.

In a small Virginia town two venturesome young Negroes, dazzled by the war-glory talk of the enlisters, made him a verbal promise to meet him at the depot on a certain day and sign their papers and go away to the camp which he represented. The day came and a huge crowd of their people went to the depot to see them off. The two lads were the heroes of the hour, and bore themselves with much swaggering jauntiness, until a preacher called the crowd to order that they might all pray for their departing brothers.

In that prayer he held out no hope of a return, but resigned them wholly to death and the Spanish bullets. "Oh, Lord, dese boys is been mighty dancin', banjo-pickin' young uns, but, oh, Lord, when de shells is a-bustin' round 'em sabey de souls, even if dey bodies is gwine down to de black pit!" The excitable crowd caught the spirit of the prayer, and began to wail as if already at a death scene. Funeral hymns took the place of jests as in solemn procession they filed past the two heroes and mournfully bade them farewell forever, at the same time loading them with messages to departed friends.

"Good-bye, Jim, ef you does happen to go to heaben an' you sees my man dar, jes' tell him howdy fur me." "Farewell, Dick, farewell; we gwine to miss you considerable when de possums git fat; an' when we's eaten' watermillion n we gwine wish we could drap a leetle of de juice onto your burnin' tongue way down yonder in torment."

The ordeal was too severe for the would-be sons of Mars. They wept as loudly as anyone over their supposititious death and punishment, and gazed longingly back the way they had come. Under the waiting admonitions military honor lost its charm; a sudden beauty budded about their cast-off hoe-handles and haloed their forsaken ploughs; and so, confessing the error of their recent choice of an occupation, they turned their backs on the tented field and went instead to the cotton patch.—Chicago Times Herald.

### Church Calendar.

Sabbath School 2:30 p. m. Sunday.

Ada E. Sparhawk, Superintendent.  
Christian Endeavor Society, prayer meeting 7 p. m. Sunday. L. H. Wakefield, President.

Song service 8 p. m. Sunday. Mrs. Thwing, Organist.

Prayer meeting 8 p. m. Friday. Rev. C. Thwing, Minister; A. T. Bennett, Elder. All are invited to these services. Seats Free.

Services for natives, Sunday, 11 a. m. and 4 p. m., and Wednesday at 4 p. m.

### Fusion in Washington.

The fusionists of the state of Washington at the recent convention at Ellensburg nominated the following ticket:

For congressmen, James Hamilton Lewis, of Seattle, and W. C. Jones, of Spokane; for judges of the supreme court, Benjamin F. Heutson, of Tacoma, and M. M. Godman, of Dayton.

In their platform they denounce the republican party, condemn the Dingley tariff, demand a graduated national income tax, demand the immediate construction of the Nicaragua canal, and a whole lot of other things that look well on paper.

### She Married Him Anyhow.

A convict at a French penal settlement, who was undergoing a life sentence, desired to marry a female convict, such marriages being of common occurrence. The governor of the colony offered no objections, but the priest proceeded to cross-examine the prisoner.

"Did you marry in France?"  
"Yes," he said.  
"And your wife is dead?"  
"No."  
"Then I must decline to marry you. You must produce evidence that your wife is dead."

There was a pause, and the bride prospective looked anxiously at the would be groom. Finally he said:

"I can prove that my former wife is dead."

"How?"  
"I was sent here for killing her!"  
And the bride accepted him notwithstanding.—Pearson's Weekly.

Customs Inspector Denny is now on duty in Dyea, nights. Mr. Denny was formerly located at Fort Wrangel, but since that would-be railroad town has fallen by the wayside, he has been transferred to a live Alaskan city.—Dyea Press.

Easy now, Friend Russell. When a good man is wanted for anything, Fort Wrangel is the place to find him.

The government is constructing a one-company garrison building at Dyea. Contractors have been engaged and a ground selected across the river from the present location of the camp. This would indicate that the troops will be retained in Alaska for some time to come and that company B of the 14th U. S. infantry are in for it. The new buildings will include a hospital and officers quarters.—Dyea Press.

The commission appointed to arrange for the evacuation of Cuba shows a disposition to act with promptitude. The condition of the people of the island calls for the very earliest amelioration. The presence of the American commissioners in Havana will no doubt have the effect of opening up better communication, and we shall be able to form a more correct idea of what is actually transpiring. Notwithstanding the cessation of hostilities, the Spanish authorities have been absolutely in control, and there is no reason to suppose that they have been any too merciful to the unfortunate natives.—P. I.

It is, of course, out of the question, but it is almost unfortunate that the commission appointed by the president to investigate the administration of the war department could not have included some officers of other countries. The criticism of foreign officers has been much more generous than that by many of our own newspapers and they would view the situation solely as professional men with independent experience and without any suspicion of political bias. To those of us who have long advocated an increase in the standing army and a reorganization of our reserve forces there seems little to condemn. The wonder is that in the hurry of creating from raw material an army of 150,000 men with not more than a handful of officers trained to military duty, more mistakes, and much more serious mistakes, were not made.—P. I.





## Checking a Married Patriot.

THE studied nonchalance of the village telegraph operator as he sauntered up the main street of Gray Willow from the depot betrayed the sense of importance with which he was inwardly swelling. This peculiarity was quickly noted by the little group of "prominent citizens" gathered about the broad doorway of the livery stable to discuss the coming census and enjoy the coolness which disluded from the freshly sprinkled floor.

"He walks like a man ready to open a handsome jacket with a royal flush," remarked "Hokey" Crane, the justice of the peace.

"Say, Hi!" he called to the operator. "You can't make us believe you've got news concealed about you just by putting on airs. I've about concluded there isn't any war outside the newspapers. They do say it's really begun, but I've yet to see any proofs of it."

"Well, you just wait about an hour and you'll believe it easy enough," replied the operator.

A half-dozen tilted chairs suddenly sought the level of the floor, and as many voices inquired:

"What's up?" and "Come, can't you give us the news?"

"All I've got to say is that you'd better be down to the station about 4:35 if you want to see a sight that means business." And with this the operator pursued his way up the drowsy street to the postoffice, there to repeat his mission of mysticism.

On his way back to the depot he was again waylaid and compelled to confess that a special train loaded with United States "regulars" was coming from the West. Most of the men hurried home to carry the news to their families. But "Hokey" Crane was not of this number. Instead he sought the musty seclusion of his "courtroom," and there began the preparation of the impromptu speech which he felt sure he would be called upon to deliver on behalf of the patriotic citizens of Gray Willow.

In forty minutes the depot platform was packed with girls in white, their cheeks flushed with the excitement of anticipation; with sober-faced women, awkwardly expectant men and hilarious youngsters. The shout which went up from this waiting throng as the train loaded with troops rushed into the station was the first intimation of the actual presence of war that reached the ears of the orator's wife, who straightened up from the devotional attitude which she had taken beside her pious bed, where she was weeding. The shouting was faint, but it had an ominous, forbidding sound. She could not clearly identify it, as she pushed back her pink-checked sun bonnet and listened. Then came the insistent clanging of the locomotive bell, followed by the pulling of the engine as it pulled out. Intuitively the thought of war came to her mind, and she was not surprised, as the train came into view, to see that the platform and windows were crowded with young men in slouch hats, blue uniforms and leggings. The four young Cranes occupied positions of perilous vantage on the top stringer of the back picket fence, where they were cheering as only the American boy can cheer at his first sight of real soldiers.

this terrible war. I ain't had no realization sense of it before. But it's comin' home t' all of us now. You'd ought to have heard the speech your husband made t' them hoves at th' train. It was just splendid. I'd be set right up if any of my men folks could talk like he did. I never heard such patriotism—not in all my born days. An' he's goin' t' hold a big war meetin' in th' o'p'ry-house to-night an' raise a company. I expect my boys'll enlist, but I shan't put a straw in the way of their layin' their lives on the altar of their country."

Mrs. Crane was generally referred to by her neighbors as "such a timid little thing." It was only under stress of greatest conviction that she was ever able to muster sufficient courage to speak in revival meetings. She was shy and gentle, and was generally



THE WIFE WOULD ENLIST

classed in the "clinging-vine" category of wives. Although she was still a young woman she had put on the badge of meek feminine maturity—a small purple bonnet with broad strings and purple flowers. It was the outward token that she recognized the shortness of human life and was awaiting the Master's call in a proper spirit of faith and resignation. The frivolity of hats had been put behind her, as became the mother of four children.

The remainder of that afternoon she spent in her bedroom, the door tightly locked. When she came out there were dark circles under her eyes and her lips were unnaturally white. Her husband did not come home to supper, and the children were allowed to eat bread and milk from the kitchen table without pausing to wash their faces. Shortly after dusk they were marching toward the hall with the afternoon's accumulation of soil still undisturbed on their plump little faces. They were clad in their tattered play clothes and their mother wore the most unseemly work-dress she possessed. In this condition they took a seat in the war meeting, just as the husband and father began his eloquent plea for volunteers. She heard the young men in front of her say: "Of course we're goin' to elect Hokey captain of the company. That goes without sayin'."

After the orator had poured forth a stream of martial eloquence for thirty minutes he raised his hand impressively and exclaimed:

"But, my friends, talk is cheap. Deeds are the things that speak. I have asked but little at the hands of my fellow citizens, but to-night I crave one privilege—and that is that I may be the first man in Gray Willow to put my name on the enlistment roll of the company which shall go forth from this village to fight for that glorious banner." By previous arrangement the village band struck into the measure of the "Star-Spangled Banner," while the audience yelled and stamped. It was the proudest moment in Hokey Crane's life.

He signed the roll during the playing of the national hymn, and then called upon all who were willing to lay their lives on the altar of their country to come forward.

The audience—the largest Gray Willow had ever seen—gasped as the mild, timid wife of the patriot orator arose and walked forward to the enlistment table, her unwashed quartet of children following. After writing her name she turned to the audience and, in a voice louder than she had ever been able to command in prayer meeting, defiantly exclaimed:

"I'd rather do it than stay at home and take in washing. I want to lead a company of Gray Willow women who depend upon their husbands for support, who haven't paid for their homes and can leave behind a family

of small children for the unmarried young men to care for."

What more she would have said had not her pastor hastened to her side and led her gently away can only be guessed. Not a family man in Gray Willow has offered his services to his country since Hokey Crane began the formation of a company. In the vernacular of the little group at the livery stable, that prominent citizen has ever since "been lookin' for an able-bodied man to take him out behind the barn an' kick him good 'n' plenty!"—Forrest Crissey, in Chicago Post.

## HOW DREYFUS LIVES.

A Glimpse of the ex-Captain on Lonely Devil's Island.

The story told is that a Dutch vessel slowly passing near ex-Captain Dreyfus' place of captivity was boarded by some French marines or penitentiary officials, who asked for the loan of the ship's cook for a few hours. The reason given was that a man who did the cooking in the convict settlement had broken his arm and was in the hospital. The captain of the Dutch steamer accordingly sent a sailor named Weinheber to Devil's Island to act as cook for a while. During his very brief sojourn on the island Weinheber is said to have had an opportunity of observing how the ex-captain was treated.

According to the Dutchman the prisoner rose every morning between 6 and 7 o'clock, had a cup of chocolate, a bath, and, if the weather permitted, a walk. While taking the bath the prisoner's wrists were tied around with a cord, one end of which was held by a warder. This was to prevent any attempt to commit suicide. After the bath the ex-captain breakfasted on bread and butter, an egg and a bottle of beer. This meal being over, he read books on military topics and wrote letters and his memoirs, the epistles always being sent to friends through the military governor of Cayenne. Dreyfus is also allowed to play cards with his warders, but not for money, as he is not allowed to retain possession of a sou. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon the prisoner receives bread, roast meat, vegetables, dessert and beer. At 6 in the evening he has supper of cold ham, with more bread and beer.

Weinheber being allowed to draw near the prisoner, Dreyfus shook him by the hand and said, "Greet the outside world for me when you return to it." The Dutchman further states that the ex-captain is not in an iron cage, but has the whole range of the island under the eyes of the warders.

## Danger Awheel.

No matter how stout a man's courage may be,

There are times when he's certain to quail.

Though the blazing of battle he calmly may see,

In peace all his firmness may fall,

Though bullets which sought in his being to lodge,

Serenely he often defied,

He'll tremble and pant as he struggles to dodge,

The girl who is learning to ride.

A marksman afar will perchance miss his aim,

When the dynamite deadly is fired,

For e'en mathematical skill cannot claim

To guarantee all that's desired.

But when her front wheel seemed to waver a bit

And she thinks it's time to collide,

You know you're a target that's bound to be hit

By the girl who is learning to ride.

—Washington Star.

## Drink Called a "Tin Roof."

A well-known Twelfth street tavern-keeper tells a good joke which was played on him the other day by three of his patrons. As they walked up to the bar and were asked what they would have, "I'll take a tin roof," replied the first. "Let's have the same," chimed in the other two. The bartender was in a quandary, as he had never heard of a mixed drink with such an extraordinary name. "Well, give me a bottle of whisky, gin and apollinaris, and I'll mix the drinks," finally remarked the first patron.

After the men had taken three drinks the bartender asked: "Now, why do you call that a 'tin roof'?" "Because it is on the house," responded the trio. "Good day," and they slipped out of the door.—Philadelphia Record.

## Spelling by Ear.

An American gentleman, residing in Berlin, taught a little German boy the simple stanzas, "Ding-dong bell" and "Twinkle, twinkle, little star." On being asked to write the words of these poems, as he thought they were spelled, the boy produced the following, according to the Home Guard:

Dinn, dann, bell, Pussli in wi well,  
Huperturion, littl gannl gruen,  
Hutuckeraut littl Tammi Truat  
Wardarnortibeu was tat  
Tudraun Purrussikat.

Twinkel, Twinkel, littel star,  
Hauelwader wad juar,  
Ababaf wi wool so hei  
Leikeldiermann in wickl.

## Color in Our Currency.

Nearly 1,200,000 pounds of colors are used by the United States Government annually for printing paper money, revenue and postage stamps.

Did you ever stop to think how many things the business men of a town are expected to encourage?

## THE DREAM OF DON MONTIJO.



In the harbor of Manila  
Lay the Admiral's flotilla  
Rocking gently at its anchors in a sort of tropic swag  
All those shapes of war and slaughter  
Slept upon the peaceful water  
That was stirred with golden waves by the overflowing moon

Swung to swaying lullabies  
In their hammocks lay the Spaniards,  
Dreaming of the Gaudiquiver and the country of the Cids  
Longing for the lovely ladies  
Of Seville, Toledo, Cadix,  
And the balls and bonanzas of Granada or Madrid.

In his cabin, Don Montijo  
Being drowsy muttered "Who!"  
This is unexpected business for a noble of Castile!  
I am weary of the Malay,  
I will sail forth and waylay  
The pignons of the Yankee and my vengeance he shall feel!"

Then he said goodnight "Hue"  
And in dreams he ratched the navy  
For a great and brilliant victory over the ships of Uncle Sam  
Oh he led them a fandango  
From Hongkong to Pango Pango  
And he chased them from New Zealand to the borders of Siam.

While he lay there softly sleeping,  
Up the harbor, creeping, creeping,  
Came the lean and trusty greyhounds of the little Commodore—  
You may say that he was plucky,  
You may call him only lucky,  
But torpedoes could not turn him nor his guns along the shore.

Don Montijo woke to wonder  
At a sudden burst of thunder,  
He had fixed the Yankee goppers and they bit him every time  
In the harbor of Manila  
Lay the Admiral's flotilla  
Fifty fathoms under water, and the oysters and the slugs.

George Harrison.

## FROM DUDE TO SOLDIER.

Checked Career of Hallett Alsop Borrowe, the Famous Rough Rider.

Hallett Alsop Borrowe, who went with the rough riders in Cuba and who was given charge of a dynamite gun capable of deadly execution, has led a life replete with incident.

When he was a young man he thought he would become a great artist, and studied art at the Columbia Art School. Then he thought that law, and not art, was his peculiar calling and entered the Columbia Law School. After a while he decided that neither law nor art was just what he was cut out for, and went across the water to see the world. He had already seen something of it in on this side. His father was Samuel Borrowe, Vice President of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, and young Borrowe had the entire New York society.

In England and France Hallett Alsop was put up at the most exclusive clubs and was distinctly "in the swim." When he returned to this country he had become a crack billiard player, a crack shot and a man about town generally. He was fond of dog fights and all sorts of "sporty" things. In short,



HALLETT ALSOP BORROWE.

the mild art student was thoroughly transformed into the gilded and giddy young man of the clubs and the inconsequential world. He stayed abroad a good deal and was attracting no particular attention in this country, being regarded by his acquaintances as neither better nor worse than the average man of his type, when suddenly came the Coleman Drayton scandal.

Finally that passed away and Hallett Alsop Borrowe was for a time forgotten. It was said that he was living quietly abroad. Suddenly it was discovered that Borrowe had returned to this country, forsaken the ways of his former life, and was employed as a car starter on the trolley road in Newark. He had started in to work for a living and had begun at the bottom of the ladder.

He worked hard, and finally was made a division superintendent at a salary of \$75 a month. For a time his doings in his new sphere of action were written about and talked about, and then the young man was forgotten again. He was not destined to remain forgotten long, however, for in November, 1896, it was announced that Borrowe had married Miss Anna Wheeler Corbin, Austin Corbin's youngest daughter.

It seems that the Borrowe and Corbin families had been intimate when Hallett Alsop was a schoolboy, and his especial friend had been the youngest daughter. The schoolboy love had remained through all the intervening years, and Borrowe had gone to work on the trolley line to prove that he had reformed and was living a life which made him worthy to marry his boyhood's love.

## Old-Time Torture.

In former times the punishment of the bagnario (bath), one of the most cruel and cruel inflictions ever devised by an official of the torture chamber, was administered in Italy, probably in Venice, where the waters of the lagoons

played so important a part in its penal system. The punishment was as follows: The prisoner was placed in a vat, the sides of which were slightly in excess of the average height of a man.

In order to hold in check the rising tide of a supply of water which ran into the vat in a constant stream the criminal was furnished with a scoop with which to bale out the water as fast as it came in. The respite from death by immersion thus obtained was more or less prolonged, according to the powers of endurance possessed by the victim. But imagine the moral torture the exhausting and even hideously grotesque efforts, the incessant and pitiless toll by night and day to stave off the dread moment, fast approaching when, overcome by sleep and fatigue he was unable to struggle any longer against his fate!

## Shakespeare Does Bail.

Shakespeare, so far as is known, never witnessed a ball game, yet his works are replete with phrases often used by fans. Here are a few:

"Hit it, hit it, hit it!"—Love's Labor Lost, Act IV.

"Not one hit!"—Merchant of Venice, Act III.

"Base second mean," et cetera.—Henry IV., Act I.

"Our valor is to chase flies."—Cymbeline, Act III.

"On the bat's back I do fly."—Titus Andronicus, Act III.

"We can kill a fly."—Titus Andronicus, Act III.

"Where go you with bats?"—Coriolanus, Act I.

"Then thou wast not out."—Tempest, Act I.

"Play out the game."—Henry IV., Act II.

"Who's out?"—Lear, Act V.

"To field with him."—Coriolanus, Act II.

"With two pitch balls."—Love's Labor Lost, Act III.

"They pitched in the ground."—Henry VI., Act I.

"I'll bring him home."—Pericles, Act IV.

"I'm right glad to catch."—Henry VIII., Act V.

"So easy a stop."—Henry IV.

"He stopped the fliers."—Coriolanus, Act II.

"If he should even double."—All's Well, Act II.

"I will run no base."—Merry Wives, Act I.

"I'll run for thee."—Midsummer Night's Dream, Act II.

"Thou mayst slide."—Taming of the Shrew, Act IV.

## The Frenchman's Fault.

While one of the American frigates was once at Malta some of the crew got into a terrible fight with the crew of a French man-of-war. At the investigation that followed the captain of the mainmast said:

"You see, sir, it was all the Frenchman's fault. We was a walking down the street jist as quiet as lambs, sir, when along come some Frenchmen from the Etvoft. I wanted to be civil, so I says to 'em:

"'Will you come in and take a drink? says I.

"'Kay? says he.

"'Kay? says Jimmy Legs, who was with me; 'what kind of an answer is that to give a gentleman? and he up and hit him; and that's the way the row began, sir. You see it was all the Frenchman's fault, sir."

## Experts in Mental Arithmetic.

In East Indian schools mental arithmetic is a vastly more serious matter than it is in the schools of this country. Catch questions are numerous in the Orient, and the multiplication table is swollen into a mountain of difficulty by native teachers. Pupils of 10 years are taught to carry the multiplication table up to 40 times 40.



ANXIOUS FOR WAR NEWS.

But their mother did not even call to them. Her mind was ringing with the one word: War! She sat in her little, low sewing chair before the sitting-room window and began dreamily to turn the leaves of her Bible. The creak of the front gate aroused her and a moment later she was unhooking the screen door to admit Mrs. Fink, who kissed her with unusual fervor and exclaimed:

"Ain't it just dreadful, Mls' Crane—







## FORT WRANGEL NEWS

A. G. McBRIDE. - - - CHAS. A. HOPP  
Editors and Publishers.

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WEDNESDAY, September 21, 1898.

### LINCOLN AND MCKINLEY.

Patriotic American readers, who are abreast with past and current history, will make no mistake in diagnosing the yellow journalism of to-day. They are twins, every last one of them, with their brothers of thirty-six years ago. The Record and the Journal are in no material sense behind the Chicago Times when it was driven from the patriotic homes of the land for its lying and slanderous methods; save and except both these modern imitators are lacking in the brains that guided the Times upon that occasion. They may be a little more politic and less brutal than yellow journalism in 1862, but their intent is the same. Their aim and desire then as now was not to aid "the poor soldiers" for whom they expressed so much admiration, but to break down the power of the rulers and disgrace them in the eyes of the world. They sneered at President Lincoln as "an old buffoon, who cracked jokes while his soldiers in the field were perishing." Secretary Stanton was marked as "the cold-blooded autocrat, wrapped in red tape." General Grant they charged upon as a drunkard and unfit to command in the field, and they actually succeeded in depriving him of his command after Shiloh, and for nearly two months he marched with the army of the Tennessee without any important command. They charged General Sherman with being "a crazy man," full of wild vagaries and wholly unfitted for service because he demanded "75,000 men" before marching into the heart of the Confederacy. This General and that were charged with being "pets and favorites" and "politicians"—in fine, anything and everything that would break their hold upon the people and breed discord. They stood off and howled in chorus "On to Richmond!" and then openly criticised the deadly encounter in the Wilderness. How like it is the same yell of these modern yellow journals, "On to Havana!" and when the wisdom of the President and his Secretary of War refused to go into the deadly malaria about Havana, and ended the war by attacking Santiago, the most healthy section of Cuba, and won such honors as never before came to any nation in the same length of time, they shout louder than ever about the needless sacrifice of life, of "starvation," and "ignorance," and scoundrelism in the authorities, which, if believed, would make the nation a stench in the nostrils of the civilized world. There has, no doubt, been suffering among the brave soldiers at Santiago, as well as many camps in the states. It is scarcely to be doubted there have been cases of oversight and neglect. It was in the nature of it a dangerous campaign. But the fact is the loss of human life has not been one fourth as great as was anticipated by those who knew best the dangers of the campaign. To follow a contest, so fraught with honor to American arms, with such unwarranted criticism is humiliating to every lover of the flag and country.

The other day a soldier stationed at San Francisco had a letter in one of the daily papers in which he complained that the soldiers in his camp had not had enough to eat and had been very badly treated generally. Think of that, old soldiers! A man who has just taken an excursion to San Francisco, where invalids go for their health, camped out a few weeks in the summer and been fed and pampered like a baby, whining about hardships! Such a man as that ought to be ashamed to show his face at home again, and yet that is the kind of complaints the copperheads are making so much noise about.—Ex.

The 1898 wheat crop of the United States is seven hundred million bushels, being the largest crop ever grown. The average is 14.8 bushels per acre for winter wheat and 15.4 for spring wheat.

In a fight between the free silver republicans of Colorado last week for the possession of a hall in which a convention was to be held, one man was killed and a number wounded.

### FACTS.

The main facts of the war are too important and too helpful for them to be buried beneath sorrow at the war's accidents or resentment at the defects of its administration. Leaving out the incalculable political benefits of victory, the army's record would remain surprising after proof of every fault charged against any official connected with it, in or out of uniform.

Even if General Shafter had been as incompetent a commander at Santiago as disapproving criticism declares he was, the campaign closed there with success of scarcely paralleled brilliancy, and the American who would rather condemn Shafter than rejoice in his army's triumph fails in due appreciation of it.

Even if Secretary Alger had been the most incompetent and unworthy secretary that ever sat in the war department, the total of actual achievement on the part of that bureau, in comparison with the number of troops supplied would still surpass all precedents.

If the sick who have come back to us from the awful climate of Cuba had suffered from blunders and neglect in the full measure charged against the war department, it would remain true that the care and comforts given to them have far exceeded any standards ever before known in armies.

The total death list is peculiarly small. It has been a wonderful war, of which, after it is all over, the marks of grief and misfortune will be marvelously few, but the marks of national glory and good will be broad deep and indelible.—N. Y. Sun.

### DEED OF A FANATIC.

The brutal assassination of the empress of Austria was an act of savagery which has no parallel in modern crime. The assassin himself admits that the deed was useless and gives as his only excuse that it was "committed for the sake of example." Nothing short of insanity could prompt a human being to drive a knife into the defenseless form of an aged woman who for years had been noted for her philanthropy and gentle deeds. Elizabeth of Austria has never, in the most remote way, been responsible for the alleged evils which the anarchists attempt to correct or avenge by foul murder. She sprang from a penniless family which possesses no influence and is almost forgotten in the blue books. She became the wife of the Emperor of Austria because he desired a consort who loved him, and the circumstances of his wooing are among the few romances of European sovereigns. One can understand the hatred and vindictiveness which prompt a nihilist or anarchist to murder the actual ruler of a nation, but it is impossible to comprehend the motive which leads to the assassination of a gentle and venerable old lady.

Curley Kirk, a Wichita boy who is in the regular army at Santiago, writes to the Wichita Eagle as follows: "Two months ago I left Tampa for this blasted land which we are trying to libre. For forty-five days I never saw a woman. Fellow citizens, if you want to appreciate a woman, get away from her. You don't know what the Creator did when he performed the first surgical operation on Adam. If you want to know what a grand, glorious and sugar coated thing a woman is, join the army. Join the army as I did. See nothing but men from morning till night. Join the army and loaf with men, eat with men, talk men, help men, carry men, walk over men, shoot men, succor men, see men, men, men, and nothing but men. Live in a perpetual atmosphere of suppressed profanity, boot smell and tobacco smoke and at the end of three weeks you would be passionately enamored with the mummy of an Egyptian servant girl and give her an electrical kiss that would burn three thousand years of dried hide into flushed and velvety animation."

The English system of jurisprudence has accepted an innovation which has long been resisted. It is now permitted that defendants in criminal prosecutions generally may testify in their own behalf. For the last twenty years the way for this has been prepared by permitting it in certain cases, and the testimony of many judges is that it has promoted justice and has not resulted in the conviction of any innocent person so far as they have been able to determine.—P.-I.

The middle of the road populists met in national convention at Cincinnati last week and nominated Wharton Baker for president and Ignatius Donnelly for vice president. As it is yet two years and two months till the date of the election, the middle-of-the-roads will have plenty of time in which to make their campaign.

### The Populist's Lament.

Once when night was fast approaching and the swallows were encroaching on the yellow gleams of sunlight that were floating on my door, I went out to see the voters armed with "budge" and other motors which would bring them, all the floaters, floating gently at my door: for election day was coming and I thought I would be drumming, coaxing up the festive voter as I used to do of yore. Then I met an ancient granger, smelling of the farm and manger, and I said, "your vote O stranger!" quoth the farmer "Nevermore!" Quickly vanished all my gladness, and I felt a weary sadness chilling all my heart and marrow and my being to the core; and the granger's explanation only heightened my vexation. Said he: "My determination is to ballot nevermore; all your cheroots and havanas, all your bottles and bananas can not change my resolution, which is firm as iron ore, for your promises are rotten and then are soon forgotten, and your honeyed words are hollow as the ravens on the shore; I shall ballot nevermore. Once there came to me a stranger and he said: My worthy granger, vote for me and I will aid you, I'll assist you evermore; and I'll make a mighty battle in behalf of sheep and cattle and will make the dry bones rattle as they never shook before. I will boom your eggs and butter, and will make the rich men mutter; I'll defend your farm and haystack till my office shall be o'er; I shall better your condition by a war on prohibition, I shall then be in condition to protect your home once more. By the shadow of St. Charley, I will boom your wheat and barley, cabbage, onions, beets and parsley, till we make the country roar. So I voted for the stranger and am now a kicked out granger, with a mortgage on my manger and the land I owned before. All his words so softly quoted were but taffy sugar coated; and my cattle they are starving as they never starved before. Therefore stranger you may throttle that old leather covered bottle, for no slimy office-seeker can blind me any more. Then resumed the artful granger: "Politician, rogue and stranger, get thee gone from out my door! Only this and nothing more." Then he said in accents hearty: "I shall with no fusion party cast my vote, no nevermore."—Ex.

### Go Slow.

A leading Washington daily paper has recently criticised a decision of the supreme court of the state, and very justly too. The judges are all able men, but the trouble with the court is that it tries to do too much work, and cases are not carefully considered. It is of more importance to have cases decided according to law than that the work shall be kept up, and when the court comes to that conclusion it will take a higher rank among the appellate courts of the various states.

The treasury department continues to monkey with the distinction between a hide and a calf-skin. Up to date the limit of the green salted calfskin has been reduced from twenty-five down to ten pounds, and the trade doesn't know where the reduction is going to stop. It begins to look like a skin game.

The latest feat in military tactics consists of the secretary of war retreating through the back door while the general-in-chief of our armies is coming in at the front one. It seems to have been accomplished with ease, if not with grace. But what a spectacle!

A starving man will eat almost anything, even fruit, when it's not good for him. If our soldiers in camp "indulged in dainties," it was because the commissariat was not what it should be, and discipline was not in order to tell ignorant men what they should not do.

It is claimed that a Mr. and Mrs. Field of Topeka, Kans., have named their infant son John James Christopher Benjamin Dewey Schley Sampson Hobson Shafter Field. Just think of the load that poor kid will have to carry through life.

All hope has been abandoned of raising the Cristobal Colon. There is some chance of saving the cruiser Infanta Maria Theresa, but the work of the American guns was too thorough, and that is all that can be saved of Cervera's fleet.—Ex.

THE  
**Fort Wrangel News**  
—FOR YOUR—  
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DEALERS IN Ceiling, Rustic, Shiplap, Etc.  
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ESTABLISHED IN 1896.

## Fort Wrangel Brewery

BRUNO GREIF, Proprietor.

The New Brewery Building is so far completed that it has been occupied and used for some time past.

—WITH A—

## FINE, LARGE BREWERY

—AND—

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Comes an increase of product and consequently at a reduced cost of manufacture. My customers shall share this saving with me, and I make the following reductions:

Keg Beer per Gallon, 40 cents.  
Best Beer, per Dozen Bottles, \$1.50.

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The finest lunch counter in the city which is always well provided with the very best of everything.

Refreshments the Very Best. : Patronize a Home Industry.

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FIRST CLASS  
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READ THE

..NEWS..

AND GET THE

..NEWS..



## TIDE TIME-TABLE.

(Soldier's Time.)

SEPTEMBER, 1898.

HIGH.	LOW.
21— 5:16 a. m.	11: 2 a. m.
5: 4 p. m.	1:45 a. m.
22— 6: 5 a. m. (Moon 1st qr)	11:51 a. m.
5:53 p. m.	2:34 a. m.
23— 6:54 a. m.	12:40 p. m.
6:42 p. m.	3:23 a. m.
24— 7:43 a. m.	1:29 p. m.
7:31 p. m.	4:12 a. m.
25— 8:32 a. m.	2:18 p. m.
8:20 p. m.	5: 1 a. m.
26— 9:21 a. m.	3: 7 p. m.
9: 9 p. m.	5:50 a. m.
27—10:10 a. m.	3:56 p. m.
9:58 p. m.	6:39 a. m.
28—10:59 a. m.	4:45 p. m.
10:47 p. m.	7:28 a. m.
29—11:48 a. m. (Moon full)	5:34 p. m.
11:36 p. m.	8:17 a. m.
30—12:37 p. m.	6:23 p. m.
12:25 a. m.	9: 6 a. m.

### THE LOCAL FIELD.

Items of Interest Dished Up in Brief for the Benefit of Our Readers.

Was it incendiary?  
R. C. Deihl is moving.  
Outfit in Fort Wrangel.  
Dr. Davy has a seal skin to sell.  
Mr. Case is suffering with an inflamed eye.

Thanks to Mr. William A. Raymond for some Boston papers.

Choicest confectionery in town at 322 Front street. Hunt Grocery Co.

The Farallon came in from the south Tuesday, with a big mail for this city.

The army barber shop boasts of a new floor and other needed improvements.

Fresh Fruit and Vegetables just received by the Hunt Grocery Co. at 322 Front street.

West Bros. received another large consignment of meat, on the Cottage City, Tuesday.

Extra copies of the News are on sale at the Hunt Grocery Co. and S. Strouse's Tobacco Store.

Fresh ranch eggs, guaranteed fresh, just received by the Hunt Grocery Co. 322 Front street.

Mr. Robert Copley, who was pilot on the Skagit Chief, made the News office a short call this week.

Owing to a rush of job work and the absence of the senior editor, we are unavoidably late this week.

Mr. Oscar Crause has sold his interest in the Eureka Brewery to Peter Deusch, a former partner in the business.

Mr. Hunt, of the Hunt Sheet Metal Works, is tearing down and packing up preparatory to a move to Juneau.

Mr. Geo. Card is building a sea break in front of his property, just north of the approach to the Davidge wharf.

Nice bread, pies and cakes at the San Francisco Bakery. Large five and ten cent loaves. Everything baked fresh every day.

The Cottage City came in Tuesday from the south, and was so overloaded with passengers that she refused to take on any mules.

The Ladies Aid Society will meet this week at the residence of Mrs. Roundtree, Thursday afternoon. A full attendance is desired.

The S. S. City of Seattle came in contact with the corner of the Troup wharf the last trip, knocked out a piling and a few repairs are necessary.

The dance Tuesday evening, at the McKinnon hall, under the management of the Wrangel Club, while not largely attended, was a very pleasant affair.

The finest stock of Perfumery ever brought to Fort Wrangel at the Wrangel Drug Co. They are over stocked on this article and you can get a low down price.

News from Northwest Kansas reaches us that they have already had a heavy fall of snow and they call it Alaska weather. Here we are enjoying bright, balmy days, and call it Kansas weather.

Mr. F. M. Bachelor, a merchant of Portland, Oregon, also a member of the firm of Bernard & Bachelor, in this city, is here looking up a big quartz proposition, which the firm has at Scrowl's Arm, on the Prince of Wales Island.

Case & Wilson have on exhibition at their store a hand-carved bedstead—the work of an Indian—covered with all the totem-pole hieroglyphics imaginable. The extremely modest price asked, by the Indian artist, for the bed is \$100.00.

Dr. V. McAlpin wishes to announce to the public that he is prepared to do all kinds of Dental work as well as any one on the Pacific coast and at prices just as reasonable. No Boom Prices, but compatible with the existing conditions. Thirty Years Experience.

Judge Clark is one of the best whist players in Alaska.

If you are the owner of a claim, consult Case, the dreamer.

Mr. Barker left on the Rosalie, for Portland, where he will permanently locate.

We have reason to believe that Judge Johnson intends to hold the November term of court in Juneau.

Mr. James and Mr. Case returned from a brief prospecting trip Sunday. They found some quartz which they consider fair, and located a couple of claims.

Sixty-five mules and a bell mare came down the river last Sunday night on the Monte Cristo, and at this writing are still waiting for a chance to get up to Skaguay.

Judge Clark and Mr. M. J. Cochran, two of our most prominent lawyers, made a flying trip to Ketchikan this week, on legal business, and returned on the Discovery.

Billy Mills returned to this city last Tuesday night direct from Dawson City. He was there two months, a part of which time he was sick. He says that the typhoid fever is raging at Dawson.

One day last week a young woman called Wilhelmina was crowned queen of the Netherlands, and as much display was made of the affair as if she had been elected governor of New York.

The News office is under obligations to Mr. G. A. McCulloch for procuring the data for the tide table which we publish this week. The table is very carefully prepared and allowance is made for the difference in latitude and longitude between this place and Sitka.

Judge Jackson returned to Fort Wrangel on the Discovery, from a trip to Metlakatla where he held court for several days. He enjoyed the trip very much and to our certain knowledge brought back with him one of the choicest appetites that ever graced the inner man.

Prince of Wales Island is giving up some of its treasure. Some very valuable discoveries have recently been made in that part of Southeastern Alaska, one ton of the ore being sufficient to make a fortune. One more year will find this part of Alaska one of the greatest mining districts in the world.

Mr. Smith, of the Fort Wrangel Fish Curing Co., very kindly contributed a ten-pound box of halibut to the News. We wish by this to manifest our appreciation of the kindness. We have tasted cured fish before, but nothing to equal this. The rich flavor of the fish is not destroyed, and it has the real halibut taste.

A man who just came down the river on the Monte Cristo informed the News man that the Teslin trail is now in good shape all the way through, the seven miles that had been injured by fire having been repaired. He also said that while the trail was in good condition for packing, it was no good for carts, the hill slopes having been injured somewhat by cattle passing over them.

For two or three nights this week Fort Wrangel put on metropolitan airs, and several fistic encounters only added to the general hilarity of the occasion. Some of the parties, who lately arrived from Teslin, Glenora and Telegraph Creek, at the sight of salt water became somewhat enthusiastic and "took on" so much fresh meat, or red liquor, we don't know which, that they lost sight for the time being of the all absorbing gold field rush and, to be plain about it, were too drunk to catch a boat.

### WAS IT INCENDIARY?

A Fire Started Sunday Night. Kerosene Used.

Last Sunday evening Mr. Jensen, proprietor of the Gem restaurant, and his assistants, finished their work, closed up the establishment and went away, leaving everything in order. About half past eight o'clock a fire was discovered in the rear of the building, and James Gleason, Fred Lynch and Mr. Barber, rushing in, found the flames already mounting pretty well toward the roof, but by quick, vigorous work, they succeeded in putting it out. A five-gallon can of kerosene, which was usually kept in that part of the structure, had been thrown against the wall and a match applied, and a few minutes more and it would have been past all help. How it could have been anything else than the deliberate act of some human fiend, is hard to comprehend, but the party was undoubtedly a novice, for if the fire had been started a few feet nearer the front, a sack of shavings, a stairway and whiff! Perhaps at this time one-half of Fort Wrangel would have been in ashes.

### Back Again.

The senior editor of the News returned from the Ketchikan country too late to give an extended account of the trip in this issue, but the next weeks News will have a full account of what we saw in that part of Southeastern Alaska.

## THE BACHELOR'S CLUB.

A Large Fleet. New Members. The Interest Unabated.

Unfortunately for our readers the News man has not been able to obtain a full report of the recent meetings of the club. There are some persons connected with the order who are doing everything they can to prevent the publication of the proceedings of the organization.

A number of new members have been admitted, but for some reason we were unable to ascertain their names. Dr. Campbell joined the order and was duly initiated, but just when he was admitted we are unable to say. Sergeant Glover's application for membership was favorably passed on by the committee and he was duly initiated. We tried every possible scheme to find out what the ceremony is while an initiation takes place, but without avail. Some say it is awful and others give us the "horse laugh" when we try to pump them. Sergeant Glover is a rattling good fellow and seems much pleased with the order. We were told that Sir William, the fragrant goat, figured conspicuously while the Sergeant was being put through, but we don't believe it.

There are a number waiting to become members of the order, and meetings are held quite frequently. Whether we will be able to obtain a report of what these fellows do, is a question. Time will tell. We hope our readers will be patient, for we will be able to give them the desired news sooner or later.

### A Farewell.

The members of the Wrangel Club gave a farewell party to Mrs. Weber, at her home, last Friday evening. The affair was a pleasant surprise to the lady, as was also the gift from the club of a gold bracelet. A lunch, such as only the dainty hands of the ladies can prepare, was served, and after an evening of social enjoyment, the party dispersed, with only one cause for regret—that it was a farewell to one of the brightest of the happy throng.

### The Woodbine.

One of the best resorts for men in this city, is the Woodbine, on East Front street. It is a nice, quiet place, cool and comfortable and just the place for a man to spend a while reading the paper and enjoying the music. Go to the Woodbine during your leisure time.

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## FORT WRANGEL NEWS.

McBRIDE & HENSHAW, Publishers.

FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA

Santiago suffered severely from a cough contracted by the Vesuvius.

The Don had such a hard time of it in Cuba that Uncle Sam decided to help him out.

Sara Bernhardt may play Hamlet, but it is feared she will do so with slender understanding.

While laurels are impossible, if the dons are in need of a national flower how would mourning glories do?

General Fitzhugh Lee named his horse "Blanco." This looks like an unnecessary indignity to a noble animal.

Agumakhow would unquestionably rather see anybody else not get the \$25,000 offered for his head than to be himself that much short.

Ultimately international law may say something in the premises. But until this nation gets ready otherwise canon law must prevail.

This talk of a new and mysterious explosive may be connected with Spain's revenue policy. As everything else is taxed, so it's trying to tax popular credulity.

A cablegram from Madrid says that "it has practically been decided by Captain Atona that henceforth the principal additions to the Spanish navy will be of the submarine type." Like the ships of Montego and Cervara?

The King of Spain has sentenced one of his ministers of state to cut grass for the royal elephants for the rest of his natural life. In other words, he has been sent to grass by royal decree and will have a steady job until he is no mowder.

According to a musical authority, the mooring of a cow is set to a perfect fifth, octave or tenth; the bark of a dog to a fourth or fifth; the neighing of a horse is a descent on the chromatic scale; while the donkey brays in a perfect octave. Yet it is thought that the quality of the donkey's voice might be improved! Possibly the thubre of the violin might be represented by the squeal of the pig; but a fine ear detects a difference.

Hookey, the London "promoter," who made a fortune of many millions in a few years, but who has now been adjudged a bankrupt, is said to declare that he has "blackmailed" to the point of embarrassment by unscrupulous newspapers. The assertion may be substantially true, yet it offers little ground for sympathy. Honest men, engaged in legitimate enterprises, are not in danger of "blackmail," which is simply the tribute one rascal pays to another.

The use of the word Yankee to denote primarily an inhabitant of New England, and by extension, one living in the Northern States as distinguished from a Southerner, is no longer accurate. Ex-Senator Butler of South Carolina lost a pair of field-glasses during a battle in the civil war, when he was severely wounded. Taking the field as a major-general in the service of the United States, he is to use again the glasses recently restored to him. "The last time I used these," he said lately, "I was a Confederate officer. Now I am a Yankee." No patriotic citizen will take any exception to this latest definition of what constitutes a Yankee.

The annual report of the Suez Canal Company for 1897 shows the use that is made of that waterway and gives some indication of what might be expected of the Nicaragua canal when it is constructed. During the year 2,984 vessels, with 191,215 passengers, passed through the canal. Of these 1,905 were English, 325 German, 206 French, 202 French, 78 Austrian, 71 Italian, 48 Spanish, 48 Norwegian, 44 Russian, 30 Japanese, the remainder being Turkish, Chinese, Egyptian, American, Danish, Siamese, Mexican, Portuguese and Swedish. The gross tonnage was 7,896,373.841. There was a decline both in the number of vessels and tonnage in 1897, as compared with the preceding year, which is attributed to the commercial crisis which began in 1896, but was offset by the receipts of the canal from military expeditions. The India trade furnishes about one-half of the traffic passing through the canal, but that was badly affected last year by the famine and failure of the crops. The navigation receipts were about \$14,183,680 and the net dividends were about \$18.

When a war breaks out those on both sides are apt to underrate their enemy. No doubt in the present war our countrymen were too ready to say that the Spanish could not or would not fight, and that victory would be easy and speedy. Nevertheless, while that was a mistake, it is a fact which other people beside Americans see and declare, that the Spaniards of to-day are in a

broad sense inefficient. As a writer in the London Spectator puts it, "they never quite succeed" in anything. They know their government is corrupt, but they do not purify it; they know that their army lacks organization, but they do not organize it. Inefficiency extends through all their public, social, industrial and commercial life. Yet while they perceive the defects, they have not the energy to apply the remedy. England, France, Germany and Italy have largely extended their colonial possessions, and have known how to govern their subject races so as to maintain not only peace and order, but, to a degree, the contentment and goodwill of the natives over whom they rule. Spain alone has acquired no new territory, and has so misgoverned what she had that even her colonists of Spanish blood have been in revolt against her in every quarter of the globe. It is much easier to state these facts than to explain them. Time was when Spain was a conqueror. She produced the boldest adventurers, the most enterprising merchants, the most audacious leaders of expeditions across the sea, to extend her power and increase her wealth. To-day apparently all the fierceness of the Spaniard remains, and all his pride, but of energy of the quality that persists until an end is reached he has none. Perhaps all this is not true of the people of northern Spain; but they do not govern the country, nor give the characteristic tone to the race. All their faults—their pride which makes it undiluted to exert themselves, their love of ease, their "hidden root of inefficiency," to quote again from the Spectator—all these faults are exaggerated in the aristocracy and the ruling class. If we cannot explain why the Spaniards of to-day possess these traits, the traits themselves explain why the government is so bad, why the colonies are in rebellion, why the treasury is bankrupt.

The Ladrone or Mariana Islands, which recently enjoyed their first Fourth of July under the American flag, are a chain of fifteen islands something over a thousand miles east of the Philippines. They comprise an area of about 335 square miles. They are of volcanic formation. The name Ladrone or Islas de las Ladrone, signifies the "Islands of the Thieves" and was given them by Portuguese sailors of the ship's crew of Magellan on account of the thieving propensities of the natives. Magellan, who discovered them in 1521, styled them "Islas de las Velas Latinas," or "Islands of the Lateen Sails." They were named "Las Marianas" in 1598 in honor of Maria Anna of Austria, widow of King Philip IV. of Spain. The present population of the islands, roughly estimated at 8,000, is a mixture such as inhabits the Philippines, with the Malay predominating in numbers. The island upon which Old Glory has been hoisted is called Guam, or Gumi. It is the largest and southernmost of the group, and contains the only town in the colony, San Ignacio de Agaña, and the fortified harbor of Umata. The islands are very fertile. The climate, though humid, is salubrious, and the heat is not so great as at the Philippines, being tempered by the trade winds. So bountiful is nature that when the Spaniards took the territory in 1668 it was supporting a population estimated at from 40,000 to 60,000. The native people were called by the Spaniards "Chamorro." They were a branch of the fair Polynesian race. Owing to the superior resources of the islands and to more frequent contact with western influence they are described as the most advanced people of Micronesia. They made a stubborn resistance to Spanish conquest, and as usual in such cases the Spaniards practically wiped them off the earth, although it took longer to exterminate them than it did the less robust and efficient peoples of the West India Islands, for there were in 1741, after over seventy years of Spanish slaughter, yet 1,816 of the natives alive. The islands have been of considerable interest to scientists. Among the remains of a prehistoric race found there are stone columns, fourteen feet high, surmounted by semi-globular stones nearly six feet in diameter, structures connected with ancient warships, probably. Immense herds of wild cattle formerly roamed the islands, milk white in color with black ears, and they were cited by Darwin as tending to support the presumption that white was the primal color of the genus Bos. Among the distinguished travelers who have visited the group was Lord Byron.

### A "Cry of the Heart."

A story is told of a schoolboy who was given an opportunity to hear a great deal about some recent explorations in Africa, under the supposition that he would be much interested in it, but who turned from the whole subject with weariness.

"Don't you like to hear about what all these great explorers are doing?" he was asked.

"Hardly, sir," answered the boy; "you'll excuse me, but it seems to me that there's enough geography already."—Youth's Companion.

### A Clock Run by the Wind.

There is a clock in Brussels which has never been wound up by human hands. It is kept going by the wind.

## FROGS EATEN IN NEW YORK.

The Consumption Is Greater than in Paris.

Are there many frogs' legs eaten in New York? the reporter asked of Commissioner Blackford.

"There is not a city in the world," said Commissioner Blackford, "that consumes so many frogs' legs as New York."

"More than in Paris?" "Yes, indeed," replied the commissioner. "While years ago the French were commonly known as 'frog eaters,' the New-Yorkers to-day should more properly be called 'frog-eating people,' rather than the Parisians. I seldom found the dish on the menus in the restaurants of Paris, while in New York you can get them at nearly every first-class hotel and restaurant. This dish is not common in London, and only a few of the high-grade restaurants there prepare it."

According to Commissioner Blackford's figures, fully 75 per cent. of the frogs for the New York market are shipped from the Ontario district in Canada. The remaining 25 per cent. come from the Adirondacks and the State of Maine. Frogs are very plentiful in all of these districts, and they multiply so rapidly that there is no danger of a decrease in the supply for years to come. About six of the saddles of these frogs weigh a pound, and retail at 75 cents.

The largest frogs in the world come from the State of Missouri, but they are scarce and do not figure largely in New York's market. Three of these saddles will make a pound. Great quantities of frogs are to be found in the New Jersey meadows, but they are so small that a pound of dressed legs cannot be obtained from less than two or three dozen frogs. Occasionally a farmer's boy will bring forty or fifty of these frogs to market, but the pay is so small compared with the amount of work required in the hunt that no one makes a regular business of searching the adjacent meadows.

The frog-taking season begins about June 1 and continues steadily until Sept. 1. Throughout Canada there are many men who make a regular business of frog-catching, while in the Adirondacks the work is done by the guides during their spare hours. The animals are caught with a hook baited with red flannel and suspended from a rod about ten feet in length. There is a strange fascination about red flannel that the ordinary croaker cannot resist. The moment it is dangled within a few inches of his nose he makes a wild leap at it, with jaws wide open, and is promptly hooked. He is released and placed in a big basket carried on the back of the frog hunter.

Sometimes the frog is found to be sleeping. Then the hook is placed under him, and a quick jerk lands him. When the basket is filled the frogs are carried to a pen in one corner of the pond near the huts of the hunters, and are kept there until there is a demand for them from New York. They are then scooped out of the pen with a net and killed and dressed.

This operation is very simple. The frog is stunned with a blow on the head and immediately the head is severed. Then the skin is loosened at the top and in a jiffy it comes off like a glove. The saddle is separated from the body with one blow, and the legs are folded together as one would fold his arms. They are packed in boxes of chopped ice and are ready for shipment.

During the summer months the New York market receives from 8,000 to 10,000 pounds of dressed saddles daily. The retail price then reaches the lowest notch of 25 cents a pound. As it is impossible to take the frog during the winter, immense quantities of the saddles are frozen during the early autumn and stored in ice boxes. The meat retains its full flavor, and is as good as if it had been killed the day previous.

A great many attempts have been made toward the artificial propagation of frogs from the eggs, but none has ever succeeded. Seth Green, one of the most successful fish culturists in the country, made many tests several years ago, but met with failure. During the past summer Commissioner Blackford received several orders from France for live bullfrogs, which were to be used in stocking the ponds in that country, as the supply was found to be falling below the demand.—New York Herald.

## VANDAL HANDS ARE STAYED.

Grounds of the Borghese Villa Purchased by the Government.

An "open space" that has a European reputation has long been threatened and has now at last been rescued from the speculative builder. In no capital has he been more active lately, or more ferocious, than in Rome. He found the old city marble and he is rapidly leaving it plaster. Every one who knows Rome will remember the beautiful grounds of the Villa Borghese, just outside the city walls, high upon the Pincian hill. Thence you look down on the city stretching southward beyond you and can see the sun setting behind St. Peter's.

In the healthiest quarter of Rome this site was the very opportunity of the speculative builder, if chance were to cast it into the market. And of this there has lately been an alarming probability. The Borghese family were no

longer the inheritors of their old opulence. Year by year the quaintly laid out grounds were falling into neglect and the artificial ruins were crumbling in veritable decay. Once the Casino held a collection of antique sculpture so rare that Napoleon carried them off to Paris and the indemnity promised to the Prince Borghese of that day—15,000,000 francs—was never paid. But the pedestals were not left unoccupied and to this day the Casino is one of the sights of Rome.

The grounds themselves are in a way its Hyde Park. It is here that, in the season, in the winter months, and in the early spring, the fashion of the modern city is seen and scarcely a day passes but the scarlet liveries show that the king or queen is driving in the grounds. This "open space" was too intimately associated with many sides of the life of modern Rome to allow of its being sacrificed to the builder. The municipality has bought it from the family, to whom will be paid for the concession an annuity of \$4,000 a year.—London News.

## SCIENCE AND INVENTION

The beautiful and delicate colors observed on the eggs of birds are not very fast to light, more especially when they belong to the lighter class of color.

Four of the Montana willows, with one from the island of Unalaska, are the smallest shrubs of Salicaceae in the world. One of these growing often only half an inch high, is believed to be the smallest species of willow ever known.

If the land surface of the globe were divided and allotted in equal shares to each of its human inhabitants, it would be found that each would get a plot of twenty-three and one-half acres, but much of it would not be worth having.

A new method of preserving wood from decay, known as the Haskin process, is being tried on a large scale in England. Instead of withdrawing the sap and injecting creosote or some other antiseptic substance, as is usually done, Mr. Haskin submits the wood to superheated air, under a pressure of fourteen atmospheres. Under this process, it is averred, the sap is chemically changed into a powerful antiseptic mixture, which, by consolidating with the fiber, strengthens as well as preserves the wood.

The "live" electric wire is said to be used with great success by lion-tamers in impressing upon their savage pupils the utter hopelessness of an attack on the master. When a lion is in the early stages of education it sometimes starts for its tamer when the latter's back is turned. Formerly the only security for the man was in keeping a sharp outlook over his shoulder. Now he can have a charged wire stretched across the cage in front of the beast, and if the latter touches the wire he gets a lesson which makes a deeper impression than the cut of a whip.

The Los Angeles Ocean Power Company has, at Potencia Beach, California, a metallic pier 350 feet long, at the outer end of which are three floats ten by ten feet in dimension, which rise and fall with the incoming waves. By means of pistons the floats force water into a reservoir on the bank. The upper part of the reservoir contains air, which, being compressed, forces the water through a nozzle upon a Pelton water wheel, which is thus driven at a high rate. The water wheel supplies power to a dynamo. Each float develops between two and three horse-power. The managers of the enterprise are represented as being well satisfied with the results.

On the Grand River near Moab in Utah exists a remarkable "natural bridge," of which a photograph was recently made by a Moab photographer. Mr. Arthur Winslow, of Kansas City, in forwarding the photograph to Science, says that the span of the bridge is estimated to be 500 feet, and its height 150 feet. Mr. Winslow thinks it is a product of erosion by wind. He has himself made photographs of similar formations, on a smaller scale, in the same region of country. The excavating agents are the grains of sand whirled by the wind. Starting with a depression in the friable sandstone rock, the blasts of flying sand rapidly excavate pot-holes in comparatively flat surfaces, and "windows" in standing walls and isolated buttes.

### Thick Skins.

Congo negroes are remarkable for their thick skins. A case is mentioned of a black slashed with a razor in a scuffle. The hospital surgeon broke two needles in trying to put in the stitches, and at last was driven to use a bradawl.

### British Wars Since 1837.

Since 1837 the British nation, though the greatest of her interests is peace, has gone to war no fewer than forty-one times. Many of the "wars" were little more than military parades, like the sending of troops to Benin.

Listen to a woman talk five minutes, and you will hear her say, "It's just a shame!" ten times.

## THE INFANTA EULALIA.

Spanish Princess Who Visited This Country During the World's Fair.

The Princess Eulalia, who represented Spain at the World's Fair, is occupying much that is disagreeable in her own land, as she is sojourning in England. Princess Eulalia was for many years only third in the succession, and she is very popular in Spain, where at one time it was said openly that she would have made a much better regent



THE INFANTA EULALIA.

than her sister-in-law. That was, however, in the very early days of Queen Christina's widowhood and before the country had become accustomed to her gracious hand. The Infanta Eulalia was married at the age of 22 to Prince Antoine of Bourbon Orleans, a brother of the Count de Paris. The Infanta has two sons, the younger of whom will soon celebrate his tenth birthday.

## LITTLE VICTIMS OF THE SEA.

Two Pretty Children Who Went Down in La Bourgogne.

Carola and Mildred Schultz, two pretty children, went down in La Bourgogne with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Schultz, of New York. Mr. Schultz was engaged as European buy-



CAROLA AND MILDRED SCHULTZ.

er for a large New York house and was formerly for many years in the same capacity with a Chicago firm. He had safely crossed the ocean sixty-four times. The children were exceptionally bright. Carola was aged 9 and Mildred 5.

## OPIUM SMUGGLED IN NUTS.

The Drug Is Frequently Brought Into the Country in That Way.

One of the duties of the custom house officials in San Francisco is nut-cracking. They do not open all the nuts which enter the port, but whenever



CUSTOM HOUSE OFFICIAL INVESTIGATING

there is reason to believe that the guileless-looking nut is hiding smugglers, out come the customs nut-crackers. Opium is frequently brought into the country in that way. The drug is packed in the shells of a Chinese nut, very much like our walnut, and is sent to America in that shape.

## Greedy Little Fish.

The little fish known as miller's thumb—the fresh water sculpin—is one of the natural checks on the overproduction of trout and salmon. It eats the eggs and the young fish. It is found in all trout waters as fast as examined. It is very destructive. At an experiment once made in the aquarium of the United States Fish Commission in Washington a miller's thumb about four and one-half inches long ate at a single meal, and all within a minute or two, twenty-one little trout, each from three-quarters to an inch in length.

Rolling-Pin Will Serve, Som times. "Men differ," said the feminine person of varied experience. "Some can be conquered with tears, but with others it is necessary to resort to the hatpin."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

An old maid says she never married because she couldn't find a man to suit.

One-half the world makes a good living working the other half.



## TERRIBLE TURK.

Yousouf, Giant Wrestler, Miser, Glutton, Who Died in the Sea.

where on the bottom of the Atlantic, sixty miles or more south of the island, there is lying in the tangled wreckage of La Bourgogne the massively muscular body of a man; and in a leathern belt around that man's waist are gold coins to the amount of \$8,500, a goodly weight.

The man was Ismail Yousouf, Turk, wrestler, protégé of the Sultan, miser, glutton. The weight about his waist was what did him to death. When the French liner went down it was a hand-to-hand fight among the passengers and crew for possession of the boats. Is-



THE TURK AND HIS MONEY-BELT.

mail Yousouf was a giant, a wild beast for strength, and he might have thrust scores aside when he made for a boat. But the belt was about him and he thought more of that than he did of the boat or himself. So he went down with it and the world has lost a unique figure from among her men of might.

Incidentally Scutari, which smiles complacently opposite Stamboul, has lost its demi-god; for Yousouf was revered and feared in Scutari, whence he came. Yousouf was on his way home to open a coffee or bazar or some such place of indolent business where he might put more gold into his belt and stuff more food under his belt. For Yousouf was a gourmand of the most insatiable sort. The "Terrible Turk" had never really been beaten until the belt gripped him this last time. Men won from him on fouts, but not by strength. It was his inviolable rule, until William A. Brady began to manage him, to go into a bout with the belt around him. But Brady at once changed this order of things by compelling the Turk to divest himself of the "chinch" for Yousouf wore it tight—before entering the ring. There was \$2,800 in gold in the belt at that time, which made the Turk overweight. And from the moment the belt was off until the bout was over Yousouf was in agony. He was like a Samson shorn of his strength.

## ALTAR MADE OF ICE.

Remarkable Outdoor Religious Service Held in Russia.

Accompanying illustration shows an outdoor Russian church service, the altar being made of ice. These services are common all over the dominions ruled by the Czar, and particularly so at this time of the year. They begin at the season of Whitsuntide, and are held at intervals during the months that follow.

The altar of ice is supposed to be typical of Whit (or White) Sunday, and the services are held by the priests of



THE ALTAR OF ICE.

the Russian church, to induce people to give up their evil habits and live a pure and holy life. The sight of one of these gatherings, with the priests and choir arrayed in spotless white garments, is indeed an impressive one, and the singing and chanting which accompany the kneeling of the congregation before the altar are never forgotten by those who have been present.

Some of the altars look very beautiful, for some men are masters of the art of ice-cutting, and artistically model the block of ice. In the villages it generally consists of a rude block of ice surmounted by a cross.

## NEW FIGURE FOR WOMEN.

Athletics Have Revolutionized the Ideal Feminine Form.

Athletics have revolutionized woman's figure. They have increased the measurements of the ideal feminine figure several inches. The absence of corsets has had something to do with the matter also, but not to the extent of athletics. The accompanying figure

of the present type of athletic American woman was drawn by a New York woman artist. It shows an increase of girth all around. The measurements, in fact, are almost heroic and do not greatly differ from those of the Venus of Milo, which heretofore has had no modern prototypes. If the Venus of Milo were reduced to life size she would measure:

Height, 5 feet 8½ inches.

Weight, if a living woman, 170 pounds.

Neck, 13½ inches.

Bust, 38 inches.

Waist, 31 inches.

The artist's model is not a professional. She is a young woman of the leisure class who is devoted to athletics, swimming and bicycling being the two branches of sport in which she is most interested. Her measurements are:

Height, 5 feet 7 inches.

Weight, 160 pounds.

Neck, 14 inches.

Bust, 38 inches.

Waist, 27 inches.

Arm, 13 inches.

See how these measurements compare to the Milo and differ from the fashionable wasp-waisted figure of five years ago. Then the average woman prided herself on wearing a 12½-inch collar and a 20-inch corset.

The modern woman must be a creature of iron nerves. She must even be able to stand without flinching the supreme test of seeing a mouse run across the floor. And as for fainting, that piece de resistance of the heroine of twenty-five years ago would be absolutely fatal to the modern tactics of feminine warfare. With the advent of the new figure a more healthy tone is creeping into the feminine mind. Jolly girls who go in for all sorts of exercise



NEW MEASUREMENTS.

are not afraid to acknowledge good healthy appetites and normal sentiments. Who could be otherwise that healthy-minded who proudly owns to a good appetite and a 27-inch waist.

## HIS NERVE

Got This Drummer a Job that Belonged to Another.

"That was a strange experience," admitted the traveling man when some one had recalled the incident to him. "I'll tell you on the level that it converted me to the theory that there is a destiny that shapes our end, and that the fellow who is willing to drift is not such a chump after all."

"As the boys say, I was on my uppers. No one questioned my ability on the road. I could sell goods to men who had no real use for them, and you'll admit that to be the supreme test of a drummer. If I had one forte above another, it was that of selling stoves. I could get rid of a hard-coal burner in a soft-coal district, and I could place a consignment of wood stoves in the middle of a prairie district."

"One morning I waked up in the modern Troy of New York, without a cent and without a job. To most men the situation would have been as cold as a polar expedition, but, as I'm a fatalist. After jollyng the bartender for a patriotic cocktail and the barber for a shave, I went to the nearest stove factory. The clock struck 12 just as I entered the place. Before the handsome young man at the desk could say a word I had told him that I was on time. I think the remark was the inspiration of an extremity."

"We'll not stop to discuss terms at this time," he said. "You have an hour in which to catch a train. Here's your expense money. It is a new route, but it will serve to try you out." I was knocked daffy, but I took the money, caught the train and sold stoves right and left. In a week I had a letter from the house asking who in the world I was and where I came from. The other fellow, for whom I was mistaken, had shown up and claimed the job. But they told me to fire away, and they raised my salary. I'm with 'em yet."—Detroit Free Press.

## Germany on the Pingree Idea.

The German government proposes to try to grow potatoes in Africa.

After a man has cut the crash towels off the bottoms of his pantaloons for two or three years, the pantaloons become so thin as to be immodest.

## ON DRIVING HORSES.

Hints on the Care of Man's Noblest Animal Friends.

A driver should study and know the horse he is to drive. Being familiar with the spirit of the horse is one of the very important things. A driver must also know how the horse should be fed, if he has no one upon whom he can implicitly rely to do the feeding. Reviewing these general matters of both driving and feeding, a writer on the horse says that some can drive thirty or even forty miles at a good rate of speed and have the animal in better condition at the end than another after driving the same horse five miles. It is not by any means driving fast that injures a horse so much as improper driving. Often more strength and vitality is taken out of a horse in two miles of fretting, through the mismanagement of the driver, than in going several times this distance with proper care. Some men cannot drive without a whip in their hands, whether it is needed or not, and while there is no doubt that in some cases the whip is necessary, yet it is often the cause of more fretting on the part of a lively horse than any one thing. The driver who thinks that because his horse is fresh he can stand it to be driven fast at the start for several miles, and then given a chance to rest by going slow, or who drives fast for a while and then slows down to a walk in order to rest up for another spurt, will not get the best speed out of a horse with the least waste of vitality, especially in going long distances. It is a steady gait that counts most and wears the horse least. Give him a chance to get warmed up first, and then let the gait be a steady one. Another item is not to feed too heavily before driving. A light feed of oats will be far better than a heavier feed of a more bulky grain. Exercise or action too soon after eating retards digestion, and the animal that must travel at a good gait with a loaded stomach cannot but show the effects, and it driven rapidly for even a short distance after eating a hearty meal there is considerable risk of the colic. Watering properly is fully as important as feeding. When a horse is being driven on the road he should not at any time be allowed to overcharge his stomach with a large quantity of water. So far as is possible the rule should be to give water frequently, and while he should have all he will drink, it should be given in small doses. A horse in good health can stand more work and more driving without injury than one that is in any way out of condition. The feed and care should be such as are best calculated to maintain health and condition, and then when on the road care must be taken to use his strength and vigor to the best advantage.

## Pertinent Question.

It was the first year that Farmer Andrews had taken boarders, and though he conscientiously tried to serve them, he found the task almost beyond his powers. They were fastidious and even "fussy." They seemed determined to be more than comfortable, and had no hesitation in complaining when they were not so. But evidently the Andrews farm did not altogether displease them, for they not only finished the summer, but stayed on into the fall.

Then their crying grievance became, not the thickness of cream or the saltiness of butter, but the difficulty of keeping every corner of the old-fashioned rooms as warm as a tropical summer.

One day Farmer Andrews was called in from the woodpile, where he was vainly trying to do a forenoon's work. This was the third time he had relinquished ax and patience together.

"Mr. Andrews," said his boarder, somewhat fractionally, "something must really be done about the temperature of my chamber. This fireplace is not sufficient for so large a room."

The farmer stroked his grizzled beard, and tried to speak serenely.

"Put ye up a stove, ma'am," said he. "But I don't want a stove! I want this open fire, just as I have it now, only I expect it to heat the room. Just look at the thermometer! It has been hanging over here by the window, and I can't get it above 63."

She swept forward, with the tell-tale glass in her hand, and at that moment Farmer Andrews felt his patience snap and fly.

"Over by the window!" he repeated, almost weeping with the vexation of one who has been unjustly used. "Over by the window! Why under heavens don't ye set it here in a warm place?"—Youth's Companion.

## Roman Villa Discovered.

Another Roman villa has been dug up at Boscoreale, on the slopes of Vesuvius, near Pompeii, where the great find of silver ornaments was made two years ago. The walls are covered with beautiful frescoes, chiefly landscapes and marines. One represents a bridge over a river, with an angler fishing with a line. Four wine jars were in the cellar and seven skeletons have been found in the excavation.

## All Fleeing the Traveler.

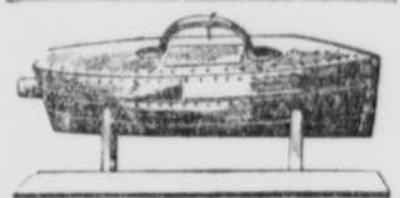
There is a tavern in Switzerland to every 132 inhabitants.

Women sometimes talk in order to attract attention from what they wear.

## IMPROVED SEA MESSENGER.

Device to Convey Tidings from Vessels in Distress.

Should you be walking on the beach, and pick up a tiny boat bearing the legend: "Whoever finds this boat, look in the stern tube for an abstract log, which please forward to Lloyd's underwriters, London," you will know that one of Captain Bowden's patent sea-messengers has fulfilled its mission. The messenger is like the model of a vessel, or boat length 2 feet 2 inches, breadth 6½ inches, depth 6½ inches.



THE SEA MESSENGER.

From the stern, which is square, a chamber is bored forwards longitudinally, and in it is inserted a metallic tube, to hold a small wooden rod, round which the ship's log or any other information written upon paper or the like may be rolled. The sea-messenger is made of solid wood (pine), and is entirely covered externally with Muntz' yellow metal, to protect it when afloat and also to render it conspicuous. Upon the deck the inscription is engraved on a metallic plate. The boat is suitably ballasted to prevent its capsizing and to keep the deck-plate in view at all times while floating. The inventor wants to make it imperative by law for all shipmasters to keep an abstract log fully written up day by day (noon preferred) and kept inserted in the messenger in readiness for an emergency. By this means the oftentimes cruel silence and dreaded suspense to those on shore may be averted.

## BOOKS FOR SOLDIERS.

Wisconsin Set a Good Example in Providing a Traveling Library.

The good example set by Wisconsin in providing her soldiers with a traveling library has been imitated by Buffalo. The plan adopted by the latter city is much the same as that in vogue in Wisconsin.

Each company is to be given a library of from fifteen to eighteen volumes, incased in a weather-proof box, and the companies will exchange libraries periodically. The work is to be done at



READING MATTER PASSED ALONG.

the library, but the reading matter is to be furnished by the people, as also the money needed for cases, transportation, etc. In addition to the bound volumes, it is hoped to send large quantities of paper-bound volumes, magazines and illustrated newspapers, to be distributed without the requirement of returning them to the company libraries.

## Royal Yearly Incomes.

The total annual income of the imperial family of Russia cannot be less than three and a half million pounds sterling. Probably the nearest approach to this revenue is to be found in the combined incomes of the brothers Rockefeller, the oil kings of America, which amount to two and a half million pounds. The Austrian imperial family possesses an estimated annual income of £1,500,000, the German family one of £1,000,000, and the Italian house of Savoy a revenue of £600,000 a year. —Durham Observer.

## Poisons in One Cigar.

A cigar contains acetic, formic, butyric, valeric and propionic acids, prussic acid, creosote, carbolic acid, ammonia, sulphuretted hydrogen, virodine, picroline.

## Mile High View.

A balloonist a mile above the earth commands a field vision 96 miles in radius.

First Theosophist—This settles it; I resign from the society. Second Theosophist—What's the matter? First Theosophist—Why, one of my tenants has gone off without paying his rent, and left a note saying he would try to square up with me in some future existence!—Puck.

Lots of women go with women they talk about.

You like that best which you get the east of.

Trouble seldom visits a man who isn't looking for it.



He—I am willing to admit that I was wrong. She—Ah! but you must admit that I was right!

"I have been told that the best society is very stupid." "Oh, I can't believe it is so good as that."—Detroit Journal.

Hostess—I hope you found the bed comfortable. Mr. Jenkins. Jenkins—Excellent, ma'am. I nearly fell asleep in it.—Tid-Bits.

"Was he secretary or treasurer of the company?" "Well, they supposed he was only secretary until after he had gone."—Chicago Journal.

The attorney—You say you could not believe this person on oath? The witness—No, sir; I never heard the lady swear in me loffe, sir.

First Burglar—Any luck lately? Second Burglar—No. Worked all night on a safe, and when I got it blown open it was a folding bed.

The Judge—What made you so certain that you had the right of way? The driver—Sure, an' my wagon was the heaviest, yer honor.—Life.

Mrs. Straight—My daughter has been very carefully brought up. Col. Blunt—But, notwithstanding, madam, I find her a very interesting companion.

Hendry—So you take stock in that yarn? Why, I wouldn't believe that story if I told it myself. Cowage—Well, in that case, neither would I.

Deacon Wellst—I kin read your thoughts, Miss Nancy. Miss Nancy (coyly)—Then what makes you set so far away, deacon?—New York World.

"There are two ways of making a Maltese cross, you know," said he to a Red Cross girl. "I know only one," she returned. "Well, the other is to step on his tail."—Judge.

"When my wife gets a cold I can cure it in a day." "What do you give her?" "Nothing; I simply say that if she is well by night I will take her to the theater."—Tit-Bits.

"Doctor, who was that man that screeched and howled so loud when you were pulling his tooth?" "That was a Christian Science friend of mine."—Chicago Tribune.

"Ain't I a little bow-legged?" asked the dubious young man. "Bow-legged," said his tailor. "The idea! Your lower limbs, sir, are absolutely without a parallel."—Indianapolis Journal.

He—Isn't it a disagreeable feature of golf, losing the ball so often? She—Oh, no; that's the only way George and I could get out of hearing of the cadle for an instant.—Yonkers Statesman.

"There's no coal, mum," said Bridget, "and the fires are going out." "No coal! Why didn't you tell me before?" I couldn't tell you there was no coal, mum, when there was coal," answered Bridget.

"Dear me, that was terrible! Man fell overboard in midocean the other day, and never was seen again!" said Hicks. "Drowned?" asked Mrs. Hicks. "Oh, no, of course not. Sprained his ankle, probably!" said Hicks.—Harlem Life.

"Every man has his vice," said Tenspot to Tenterhook, who was fond of offering unsought counsel to his acquaintances. "What is my vice, pray?" asked Tenterhook. "Advice," replied Tenspot, unhesitatingly.—Detroit Free Press.

"I suppose that there are many problems which polar explorers seek to solve," said the unscientific man. "Yes," replied the intrepid traveler, "a great many." "What is the most important one?" "Getting back."—Washington Star.

Della—Professor Monograph is visiting you, I understand. Doesn't he find the sights and sounds of the city odd? Amelia—Not at all. Some berry pedlers passed the house to-day crying their wares, and the dear old man asked me what college they belonged to.—Puck.

"My wife," said the tall, lantern-jawed man, "is as womanly a woman as you could find, but she can hammer nails like lightning." "Wonderful!" sang the chorus. "Lightning," the tall, lantern-jawed man continued, "seldom strikes twice in the same place."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"What did you do with that letter that was on my table?" asked Gus De Smith of the colored boy who cleans up his room. "I tuck it in the post-office, sah, and put it in de hole." "What did you do that for? Did you not see that there was no address on the envelope?" "I saw dar was no writin' on de 'velope, but I 'lowed yer did dat ar on purpose, so I couldn't tell who yer was a-writin' to. I'se an educated negro, I is."

A lank, awkward countryman presented himself at the clerk's desk in a city hotel, and after having a room assigned to him inquired at what hours meals were served. "Breakfast from seven to eleven, luncheon from eleven to three, dinner from three to eight, supper from eight to twelve," recited the clerk, glibly. "Jernshy!" ejaculated the countryman, with bulging eyes. "When am I a-going to git time to see the town?"—Youth's Companion.



## THE FORT WRANGEL NEWS.

A Grist of the Week's Local News Dished Up for the Special Benefit of Our Readers by News Reporters.

Plenty of rain now, thank you. The Bachelor's Club is the cause of much wonder and excitement.

Get your Saws Filed opposite the Cottage Bakery, by W. J. Sully.

The soldier boys are still lamenting the fact that they are not at Manila.

Jack Collins always keeps himself in readiness to treat a friend, and he has many.

The Mono came down the river Friday with a number of passengers aboard.

The new planks are still going down and soon Fort Wrangel will be noted for its good walks.

Notwithstanding the general belief that this is a cold country, the frost is not yet in evidence.

Mr. Duncan McKinnon's store was closed last Saturday during the funeral services of W. B. McGilligan.

We heard a remark the other day that we suppose was intended for the Ladies Aid Society. It was: "Well, the ladies haven't fixed this walk yet."

A band of hunters from Fort Wrangel went over to the mouth of the Stikine last Saturday and succeeded in wading up the ducks, geese and cranes in great shape.

The wind and sea succeeded in tearing loose a part of the north slip on the Davidge wharf last Thursday afternoon despite the efforts of Mr. McCulloch to hold it down.

## Wellington Coal.

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## U. S. Marshal's Sale.

In the District Court of the United States, in and for the District of Alaska.

R. DUNSMUIR & SONS, Libellants, vs. THE S. S. SKEGITT CHIEF, etc.

By virtue of a writ or order of sale to me directed, I will sell at public auction, at the beach on Shake's point, in Etolin harbor, at Wrangel, Alaska, where the same is now situated, on the 6th day of October, A. D. 1898, at twelve o'clock noon, the Steamboat Skegitt Chief, her tackle, apparel and furniture, described as follows, to wit: The said Steamboat Skegitt Chief and all the tools, equipment, cabin and state room furniture, galley and dining room furniture, pantry furniture and stock, navigating instruments, charts and appliances, boats, life rafts, life preservers and all of the property, furniture, tackle and appliances seized by me in the attachment proceedings herein, a more particular description whereof may be seen by reference to the inventory thereof made at the time of the seizure and on file in my office and made a part hereof.

JAMES M. SHOUP, United States Marshal for the District of Alaska.

WILLIAM D. GRANT, Deputy.

Clark & Ingersoll and M. J. Cochran, Proctors for Libellants. Date of first publication, Sep. 14, 1898.

## U. S. Marshal's Sale.

In the District Court of the United States, in and for the District of Alaska.

R. DUNSMUIR & SONS, Libellants, vs. THE S. S. GLENORA, etc.

By virtue of a writ or order of sale to me directed, I will sell at public auction, at the beach on Shake's Point, in Etolin harbor at Wrangel, Alaska, where the same is now situated, on the 6th day of October, A. D. 1898, at twelve o'clock noon, the steamboat Glenora, her tackle, apparel and furniture, described as follows, to-wit: The said steamboat Glenora and all the tools, equipment, cabin and state room furniture, galley and dining room furniture, pantry furniture and stock, navigating instruments, charts and appliances, boats, life rafts, life preservers and all of the property, furniture, tackle and appliances seized by me in the attachment proceedings herein, a more particular description whereof may be seen by reference to the inventory thereof made at the time of the seizure and on file in my office and made a part hereof.

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## NORTHERN PACIFIC

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For Portland	5:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.
For Olympia	7:30 a. m.
For Aberdeen	5:00 a. m.
For Tacoma	5:00, 7:30 and 11:30 a. m.; 4:00 and 7:00 p. m.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT SEATTLE.

From Spokane, Roseland, St. Paul and the East	7:00 a. m.
From Portland	6:29 and 11:00 p. m.
From Olympia	6:20 p. m.
From Aberdeen	6:20 p. m.
From Tacoma	7:00 and 8:00 a. m.; 12:15, 6:20 and 11:30 p. m.

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